

About Plays
and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

The Marbury-Comstock interests are announcing for immediate production a new musical play called "See America First." T. Lawrence Riggs and Cole Porter, Harvard students, are the authors of the piece. This will be their first full evening's entertainment, although they have written songs which have been sung in Dillingham and Shubert productions. "See America First" is said to be an opera built along Gilbert and Sullivan lines. Rehearsals will begin Monday at the Princess Theatre. The cast is now being selected.

CRESSY WRITES A PLAY.

Whoddy think? Will M. Cressy has written a whole gosh-blamed play and is submitting it to Broadway managers. Mr. Cressy, who has attained success in vaudeville purely as a "tube" and fame as a writer through a proclivity for composing funny pieces for the papers, has written numerous successful sketches. But now he's come right out in the open with a regular, full-grown play, head turn it! The Cressy play is called "From Nowhere to Broadway."

MISS DORSEY'S TENDER HEART.

Dolly Dorsey, musical comedy ingenue, has returned to Broadway from Colorado, where she started a chicken ranch, expecting to get rich. She was disappointed, however, as she became so fond of the chickens that she refused to sell or kill any of them. She is now about to do some motion picture acting in order to support the chickens.

HE'D BEEN HENRY.

Henry Walthall, starring with Edna Mayo in the Broadway film, "The Strange Case of Mary Page," was held up by a footpad in Chicago recently. The first thing the robber got hold of was a letter addressed to the actor.

"Are you Henry Walthall?" asked the man behind the gun gruffly. "I am," replied the actor. "Have you ever seen me in moving pictures?"

"Sure!" Then the footpad viciously took everything Mr. Walthall had—even his rubbers.

HOW IT MIGHT BE DONE.

George Vivian, manager of the Punch & Judy Theatre, hates to see speculators playing their trade outside the little house in West Forty-ninth Street. "These islands" popularity has attracted numerous of the speculative class. Last night Mr. Vivian chased one away, and then turning to a friend said: "I wish I knew how to get rid of those fellows for good."

"Why don't you put on a revival of 'The Marriage of Columbus' here?" asked his friend. "That didn't do very good picking for its producer," George Vivian frowned.

AN AGITATED PATROLMAN.

"The Cop," Tom Barry's sketch, due at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next Monday, nearly died in the hands of its first public performance and the manager of the playhouse where it opened nearly passed away with it. Early in the playlet there is what seems to be a violent attack on local police methods. This act so incensed a patrolman standing in the rear of the theatre's auditorium that he sought the house manager.

"If the Captain ever hears them guys knockin' the force like that he'll close your theatre," said the patrolman.

Greatly agitated the manager rushed back to the wings and began making violent gestures at Joseph Brown who was playing the police inspector. Every little movement was "rounded to mean," "Go easy on that graft stuff," but the actors didn't understand. They stuck to their lines mechanically, though they were all on a verge of "blowing up," and pulled the act through in a riot of laughter.

The discomfiture of the act showed up the police in a more favorable light and smoothed the frown from the brow of the agitated patrolman. Then he and the house manager apologized all over the place.

"OUR SET" ON SKATES. Ice skating has become very popular with the Broadway set lately.

'S'MATTER, POP!



FLOOEY AND AXEL—One Thing Sure—They've No More Business at The Hague!



'T'WAS EVER THUS!—As a Matter of Fact the Estate Didn't "Go" Anywhere; It "Stayed."



HUMAN NATURE

By Thornton Fisher



FACT and FICTION

By Hazen Conklin

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

OUR OWN DOT MYSTERY.

ALL men are born free and equal, but they don't all stay so. Some of them get married.

CHOW-CHOW.

Wonder what happens to the man who keeps his memory in a note book when he loses the note book?

From observation we opine that the hardest place to remain neutral is at home!

Some men whose silence has earned for them a reputation for wisdom, merely can't think of anything to say!

The reason some people can't sleep nights is because their conscience sleeps days.

When a married man says "There's no place like home," he may be either boasting or condemning.

It's human nature to dawdle scornfully in front of an approaching automobile and then cuss because you get splattered with mud from its tires.

Many a bachelor has stayed one because some married friend took him home to dinner as an unexpected guest.

MIXED PICKLES.

Some married men argue with their wives—others merely permit their wives to argue with them.

We've never had to look for people who were willing to tell us their troubles, but we've never found one who was willing to listen to ours.

PEOPLE WE MEET.

(Continued)

Benny Fictal.

Pan Tastic.

Cora Sman.

(To Be Continued.)

KID IDEAS

By Ferd G. Long

WILLIE—YOU LOOK GUILTY—YOU IN THAT JAM!



WHAT STATE CAPITAL IS THIS?

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

TWO-THIRDS OF THREE-FOURTHS OF TWO-THIRDS OF

Subtract from the words the pictures represent the number of letters indicated by the fractions until the subtracted letters combine to form the name of the capital city. Last Tuesday's city was Denver, capital of Colorado. The name of to-day's city will be published with the next puzzle.

THE GREAT DOT MYSTERY

(Copyright, 1916, by the Wheeler Syndicate.)

With a pencil line join the dots, drawing from 1 to 2 and so on until the drawing is complete. Then you will know as much as we do concerning when the war will end.

MIXED PICKLES.

Some married men argue with their wives—others merely permit their wives to argue with them.

We've never had to look for people who were willing to tell us their troubles, but we've never found one who was willing to listen to ours.

PEOPLE WE MEET.

(Continued)

Benny Fictal.

Pan Tastic.

Cora Sman.

(To Be Continued.)

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.

HE goat was evidently badly frightened by the panther and had hidden away. The scouts tracked him to a lake. They were about to try and ford it when they heard in low tones, "Better go round!" "Who said that?" they all asked at once. And then from behind a log there came a—

(Join the dots with a pencil line, beginning with dot No. 1 and tracing them in numerical order. Chapter Twenty-nine will be printed next Saturday in The Evening World.)